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several miles, sometimes with intervening plantations. In the interior there are a number scattered over the hilly ground in the southern half of the island, in such places as were found suitable for clearing. A similar string of villages extends along the north coast of Bougainville, broken, on the eastern half, by the plantations of Baniu, Raua, and Timputs.

The site chosen is either on the shore, if there is any land flat enough between the cliffs and the beach, or on the cliff, close to its edge. The government road runs parallel to the coast at a short distance away from it, and the villages are all between the road and the sea. A few yards of bush are left uncut on the landward side, so that the village cannot, as a rule, be seen from the road. On the other side of the road there are usually no huts at all.

One, if not the main, reason for placing the village close to the sea is in order to discover as early as possible the presence of a shoal of bonito in the neighbourhood. A look-out place is kept clear of bushes at the most commanding part of the cliff, and when the sea-birds that always accompany the bonito are seen, a special cry is raised, which sends every available man hurrying to launch a canoe and pursue them before they move too far away. If the nature of the ground permits, a favourite arrangement is to have one or more hamlets on the shore and others on the cliff immediately above it. The village of Ruri, for example, is made up of five hamlets, Biakwawin, Merimer, and Sikov, on the shore; Siara and Tagun on the cliff-top. At Tabut there are four, Muna-awel, Tensoa, Sumnē, and Bungus; all on the shore, the cliff above being unsuitable for building. At Kurtatchi there is not enough level ground between the foot of the cliff and the beach to admit of the building of huts, so the whole village is on the top. The originally separate hamlet of Gomen is now amalgamated with Kurtatchi.

The sites of villages are apt to be changed, for a number of reasons. This does not disturb the feeling of solidarity, for the village or hamlet moves *en masse*, and is reconstructed on the new site much as it was before. The vicissitudes of the hamlet with which I was most closely associated will serve to illustrate this practice. It once stood on the sea-shore, at a place called Ur, a little to the west of its present site. An extra high tide, or possibly a tidal wave (the description given by the natives is not clear on this point), washed some of the huts away. It was then removed to

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the top of the cliff, just above the old site; the bit of ground being previously known as Tchundawan, that became the name of the village. After a time the prospect of an abundant supply of coconuts led to another move, to the island of Torrikorri, in the middle of Soraken Bay, across the peninsula. Tiring of making a canoe journey whenever they wished to visit the mainland, the people soon left the island, and set up their huts at Tarongen, on the southern shore of the peninsula, where they still have a fishing hamlet. Because of a dispute with their neighbours, they returned to the north coast, and settled at Gomen, a little to the east of their old site of Tchundawan, where some of them appear to have remained meanwhile. When they had been at Gomen for some time, it happened that three people of importance died within a short period. The agitated survivors attributed this disaster to the fact that some one was making 'poison' against them, and decided to leave the fated spot and to amalgamate with the neighbouring hamlet of Kurtatchi, some half-mile to the west. This sixth move was in progress when I joined the community. How long the six changes had taken altogether it was impossible to ascertain. When the last Government Census was taken, in 1926, some of the families I knew at Kurtatchi were living at Tarongen and some at Tchundawan.

As a result of this practice, the country is dotted with old village sites, often with a ruined hut or two still standing. Under such circumstances, it will be obvious that the occurrence of a number of deserted villages does not necessarily imply a rapidly dwindling population. There would be even more of them than there are, were it not for the fact that ground unoccupied and untended soon becomes overgrown with vegetation, and in a remarkably short time has 'gone back bush', till it is hardly possible to recognise that it ever was the site of a village (Pl. 5 *a*).

Plan of villages. The general plan of the coast villages of Buka and the North Bougainville coast is always the same—the huts are arranged in straight lines facing a clear space which is used for dances. A small hamlet will have only one line of huts, the usual arrangement is to have two lines, probably facing each other with the open space between them. Often two or three such hamlets, perhaps a quarter of a mile or more apart, will make up the village. A large village may spread itself out in one long line, as in the populous villages on the Lontis coast, or some huts may be

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pigs, taro, and coco-nuts belonging to the dead man are used to provide food for the mourners from other villages. It is understood that to provide inadequately would be a grave insult, but that is the case at any ceremony to which visitors come from a distance, and while the quantity required would be in proportion to the importance of the deceased, this is only because the number of mourners would be proportionately large. Neither the quantity nor the display are regarded as being of benefit to the dead man on his arrival at the place of the *urar*.

Relations between the urar *and the living*

One other aspect of the subject dealt with in this chapter remains to be discussed in connexion with the people of my own particular area, namely, the very definite part which the *urar* play in the life of the present-day natives. It will be clear from other portions of this book that they are never for long unmindful of the existence of the *urar* and that this influences in no small degree their daily thoughts and actions.

The *urar* are not necessarily maleficent. As has been shown in the account of taro-planting, hunting, and fishing, &c., part of the magical procedure connected with all of these consists of calling by name upon the *urar* of people who had been especially successful in these occupations during their lifetime.

But for the most part they are regarded with dread, as powerful enemies who will, if they can, do harm to the living and even cause death. It is largely this fear that makes every one so chary of being in the bush alone, especially at night. There are a number of preparations of roots and leaves which are to be chewed, or in some cases carried, by any one obliged to be out after dark, for the purpose of keeping the *urar* away. The same fear leads them to desert a village in which several people have died, even though they may only move a short distance.

An incident which took place at Kurtatchi after the death of Maravin is interesting both in this connexion and for its bearing on the belief that a dead man does not become an *urar* immediately. Being without female relatives, Maravin had shared his hut with some of the boys wearing the *upi*, their own *tobar* not having been moved from the old village. They slept in the hut the night of the day of which he died, apparently without qualms, but after about three weeks they began to be restless, and a few days later they ran

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rocks called Kes, from a fancied similarity to a shark. These are not supposed to be connected with *war*, neither is there usually any story attached to them.

STONE PILLARS

All the stones hitherto mentioned are natural formations. But there are also some in this area which show definite traces of human handiwork, being shaped like pillars, and, in some cases, having designs incised upon them. I visited five of these, and heard of at least two others which appear to belong to the same category. Unfortunately, the information I was able to obtain about them is very meagre.

Notes on the stone pillar at Yamē

Yamē is the island next to Petats on the north, forming part of the same reef. At the present time the whole island is being used as a coco-nut plantation, and there are no natives on it except indentured plantation hands, most of whom come from other localities. But once it was inhabited by Buka natives, just as Petats and Pororan still are.

The stone is on the south-western side of the island, between two rows of coco-nut trees, some hundred yards or so from the cliff-edge. It is probably not in the situation which it occupied when it was first set up. It was not standing when I saw it, but prone on the ground. Only a portion of it remains, a length of about 3 feet, the bottom part being obviously broken off. Its diameter is rather less than a foot at the bottom, its widest part. It tapered slightly towards the top, which was rounded. There were no designs on it.

None of the available natives knew much about it. One said its name was Tahuni, but he could give me no meaning for the name. Once it had a spirit (*masalai* in pidgin-English) belonging to it, but there are no spirits left on Yamē any more. Another native said it was a stone 'belonging to the mosquitoes', and that the Pororan people took it away on a raft a long time ago when it was a little stone; they wanted to use it as a pillow, but just as they were going to land at Pororan (the next island, about ten miles off) it jumped overboard and swam back to Yamē. There it grew large. It used to be taller than a man, but now it is broken. No one could tell me how it was broken, or what had become of the rest of it.